Twenty fifth treatise

Sad and Wonderful

NEWES

FROM THE

Faulcon at the Bank-Side;

BEING

A true and perfect Relation of the ſtrange Viſions, Ghoſts, and Apparitions ſeen in the Houſe and Garden of Mr. Powel *a Baker, lately deceaſed (a man eminent in the Borough of* Southwark.*) With the manner of their appearing in ſeveral ſhapes; both at Noon-day, and at Night, ſince* Thurſday *laſt: The Diſcourſe between the Ghoſt of Mr.* Powel, *Mr.* John Simſon (*formerly Miniſter of* Biſhops-Gate) *to whom he revealed the cauſe of his walking. The ſeveral Speeches that paſt between the Spirit of Mr.* Powel, *his Maid* Jone, *and divers Learned Men, who went to allay him: And the manner of his appearing to them in the Garden, upon their making of a Circle, and burning of Wax-Candles and* Juniper-*wood: As alſo, the ſpeeches that there paſſed, the manner how it vaniſhed, and the great and lamentable Accident that immediately hapned, both at their digging for hidden Treaſure, when the Barrels of Money deſcended lower and lower, and at his Departure. Likewiſe, the ſtrange appearance of the Ghoſt of Mr.* Davis, *in Long-Alley near* Moor-Fields, *his Speech to his Daughter, together with her Anſwer.*

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.

London, Printed for *George Horton*. 1661.

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Sad and Wonderful

NEWES

FROM THE

Faulcon *at the* Bank-ſide.

AS touching the Examples of Apparitions and *Satanical* Deluſions, and that there are many poor Souls who appear again in ſeveral ſhapes after their departure out of this life, and the diſſolution of their Mortal bodies; ſo it is evident, That good men as well as bad, are (through the permiſſion of the moſt High) divers times tempted, and lie under the ſtate and condition of Temptation and Affliction, as appears by theſe worthy Patriots of the Church of Chriſt; *to wit:*

On a time as *Luther* was walking in his Garden, the Devil appeared to him in the likeneſs of a black Boor; but *Luther* fleighting and not regarding him, he vaniſhed away.

Another of the *German* Divines in *Luthers* time, as he was ſitting at his Book in his Study, the Devil appeared to him, looking over his Shoulder, which the Miniſter perceiving, took a piece of Paper, and wrote in it, *The Son of God came to diſſolve the works of the Devil*; and ſo holding up the Paper to the Devil, he alſo vaniſhed.

In alluſion hereunto, comparatively we may repreſent the Subject now in hand, to the publick view and conſideration of the moſt Ingenuous and Candid Reader, it being a thing worthy of obſervation; and as it lately hapned near the *Faulcon* at the *Bankſide*, ſo is the Truth ſtill verified at this inſtant: For within theſe few dayes, Maſter *Scot*, a Citizen of *London*, hearing of a Spirit that walked at the houſe of one Maſter *Powel*, deceaſed (formerly a Baker, living in the Borough of *Southwark*) immediately went to the ſaid Houſe, and there making enquiry of the Truth thereof, *Jone Finchley* (a Servant to the ſaid *Powel* during his life-time) told him, *That it was too true, for her Maſter did walk, and that in ſeveral ſhapes, and at divers ſeaſons; ſometimes at Noonday, ſometimes towards the Evening, and ſometimes at Mid-night*. Therefore true it is, that ever ſince Mr. *Powel* departed this Life, (which is about five Moneths ago) there hath been a hideous noiſe heard in

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the Houſe, and a great ratling out of one Room into another; inſomuch, that his Son *Thomas* left the Houſe, but *Jone* ſtill continued there, to whom her old Maſter appeared one night as ſhe was making of the Bed in the likeneſs of a black Catt, which *Jone* perceiving, took up a Bed-ſtaff and threw at it, whereupon the Spirit vaniſhed down the ſtairs: But the next night it appeared again in the likeneſs of a Goat, as the Maid was again making her Bed; which ſhe perceiving, very confidently ſaid, *In the Name of God, avoid Satan*; at which words ſhe caſt another Bed-ſtaff: The Spirit then vaniſhed, in like manner as before; but here it did not reſt, for the next morning as the Maid was making of a fire, the Doors being all ſhut, ſhe heard a great noiſe, and a creeking of the Yard-door; which cauſed her to demand, *Who was there?* To whom the Spirit anſwered, *'Tis thy Maſter* Jone, *it is thy Maſter; where is my Son* Thomas. *My Maſter* (replies the Maid) *that cannot be, I am ſure my Maſter was buried long enough ago, to leave ſpeaking now*; And thereupon roſe up from the fire, and with her former confidence went to look what Voice it was, but ſhe could not diſcern any thing at preſent, whereupon ſhe betook her ſelf to her labour about the Houſe, and towards the Evening, going into the Garden, under a Pear-Tree, ſhe eſpied her old Maſter ſtanding up, with his Fiſts knit cloſe togethe, his

his Eyes half ſunk in his Head, his Face extraordinary Black, and in the ſame Cloaths he uſed to wear when he was alive;

This ſudden Apparition, did very much amaze and ſtartle her, putting her into a great trembling, quivering, and ſhaking; ſince which time, ſhe hath been very ill, and on *Monday* laſt lay dangerous ſick in the Borough, having left the Dwelling-houſe of her old Maſter, ſcituated near the *Faulcon* at the *Banck-ſide:* But the troubled Spirit remains there ſtill, and the Houſe is as much haunted as formerly; notwithſtanding ſome Artiſts (by ſome called Conjurers) remain there day and night, uſing all poſſible means they can to lay this troubled Spirit, and are continually reading and making of Circles, burning of Wax Candles, and *Juniper*-wood; but as yet all proves unfeaſible; onely thus far they effected their work, That ſome few nights ago, having made a great Circle in the Garden, the Spirit of Maſter *Powel* appeared, to whom one of them ſaid: *We conjure thee to depart to thy place of Reſt.* He anſwered, *Wo be to thoſe that were the cauſe of my coming hither.*

The reſt (being eight in number) kept cloſe to their Books, and fain would have brought him into the Circle, but could not; whereupon one of them ſaid, *The Son of God appeared to deſtroy the works of the Devil:* which cauſed him to vaniſh away in a flaſh of Fire, hitting one of them upon the Leg, who hath lain lame ever ſince, and left ſuch a ſcent

of

of Brimſtone in the Garden, that all the *Juniper*-wood they could burn for many hours together, could not take away that ſulphurous ſmell. Many there hath been to enquire of the Truth hereof, who are very well ſatisfied therein, and ſome of the Gentlemen (before ſpecified) ſtill remain in the Houſe, to allay the Spirit, if they can; for it is conjectured, there hath been much Money hid, either in the Garden or about the Houſe, which as yet cannot be diſcovered.

Since the appearing of Mr. *Powel* in ſeveral *Shapes*, his Son *Thomas* being left Executour, and *Moneys* being ſuppoſed to be hid, the Garden was digged in ſeveral places, and at laſt they diſcovered two Firkins of *Money*; but the more they dug, the lower it ſunk, ſo that their work, at preſent, proves labour in vain; yet all poſsible means is ſtill uſed, both to allay the Spirit, and to gain the hidden Treaſure.

But as yet he appears at Noon-day, walking in his Garden, and divers eminent Perſons (both for Religion, and Piety) have waited ſeveral Seaſons, and Opportunities for his appearance, hoping thereby to gain ſome diſcourſe with the troubled Spirit, and by that means to allay it, and to ſend it to everlaſting Reſt. Amongſt the reſt, Mr. *John Simpſon*, formerly Miniſter of Biſhops-Gate, had ſome diſcourſe with this Spirit, as he ſtood under a Tree: And asking him, *In the Name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the cauſe of his appearing, and departing from Reſt?* A Voice anſwered, *For things unſeen*; And that the cauſe of his Riſing was, about a Grand-Daughter of his, whom he deſired might have ſatisfaction from the Dead, it having been ſome way unjuſtly dealt by before his Departure.

And then immediately, after ſome Sighings, and Groans, it ſeemed to vaniſh.

Thus

Thus having given you a true Relation of this ſad Apparition; in the next place, be pleaſed to take notice, of another ſtrange Viſion appearing in Long-Alley near Moor-fields, in the ſhape and likeneſs of Mr. *Davis*, formerly for a ſum of Money, conjured down for 7 years; but the time being expired, he again walks; and appearing to his daughter *Suſan*, at Noon-day, took her by the hand, at which ſhe was exceedingly affrighted; and asking her how ſhe did, at laſt ſhe replyed, *Well, I praiſe God. I wiſh the like to you. Father, what is your buſineſs, would you ſpeak with my Mother?* No, no, ſaid he, ſpeaking with a moſt hideous voice, and in the Night he utters ſuch terrible groans, that the Neighbours are forced to remove to a further diſtance. He ſometimes appears with a Plaiſter on his face, as if murthered; and on Wedneſday night laſt, many ſad groans, and heavy cryes, were heard from this reſtleſs Ghoſt by 4 Doctours, who ſat up to ſee if they could by any means diſcover the cauſe of his walking; but to them he was inviſible; and the work is difficult to allay him, if blood hath been ſhed violently; for true it is, that Murther will certainly cry aloud for Vegeance, till ſatisfied by Juſtice.

FINIS.

BIBL. CANT. ACAD.